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### Great Cities of the World

#### NAPLES

Naples basks luxuriously in the sun under the blue southern sky, whose hue can only be matched by the waters that wash the shore. It borders a bay of the same name, and lies partly at the base, and partly on the slope of a range of volcanic hills. Cypress trees springing out of the yellow soil which covers the soft rock and lava form a splendid background. For beauty of situation, Naples vies with Constantinople, and it is owing to its setting that it has gained the reputation of being almost the acme of loveliness. To nature, and not to man, is due the credit of making the city an extremely attractive one, though the Neapolitans themselves have picturesque qualities that add to the interest of the place which they proudly claim as home.

The inhabitants are very contented with things as they are. A suggestion that there is room for improvement in the narrow, dark, tortuous streets or in the high, gloomy, ill-ventilated houses is met with great disfavor. Naples is Naples, and the people do not wish to have it radically changed, though following the terrible cholera epidemic of 1884 many of the fowl, disease-breeding old houses were torn down so that there are a few breathing spots even in the poorer quarters.

The most congested district is that traversed by the narrow streets that climb up the hillsides. Though the city may have a serious rival as regards the beauty of its site in the Golden Horn, there is no place in Europe to which these alleys can yield first place when it comes to overcrowding. Though after all, when you go round about Naples, you wonder what possible use the Neapolitan of the lower classes has for a house, for everyone seems to live on the street. You may find people having a siesta on the sand by the sea, or taking a nap on the cobbles, or in a more or less (and it is almost sure to be less) secluded corner. Those who have a place in any of the high tenements, do spend the night there as a rule, but as soon as dawn breaks a dishevelled crowd comes pouring out of the dingy, stuffy holes in the wall—for this is really all the rooms are. From that minute till they go to rest again the sidewalk is their headquarters. Here they dress, cook, eat, wash, sell, buy, fight, idle and gossip. It is not difficult to study the life of the Neapolitan for it practically lived in the public eye.

The family washing is hung on the little balconies overhanging the street or in tiny alcoves lower down, until a byeway often takes on the aspect of a huge clothes line. A mother sits on a curbing while she dresses her numerous offspring who are disporting themselves in the dust. The beauty of the quarter throws a shawl over her shoulders, and in her heedless shoes, red stockings, and plum-colored skirt, goes outside to have her hair dressed. When the dark coils are arranged in the most approved style, she places a rose among them, and happily faces the day.

One of the common sights is a herd of cows, or goats being driven through the streets by the milkman. The Neapolitan housewife can rest assured that the milk is not watered or adulterated, for the cow is milked before her very eyes. The goats may be driven up two or three flights of stairs in order to serve customers who live far above the ground, or a woman may lower a jug to be filled with the nourishing fluid. Many people do their marketing in the same way. Standing on her balcony a woman will let down a basket to be filled with vegetables or fruit. If the contents are not satisfactory it is returned, but if the housekeeper approves, the money is lowered by means of the basket which has thus served the dual purpose of cash carrier and freight elevator.

Besides fruit and vegetable pedlars, which are found in a less picturesque form even in Canadian cities, there are people going about the streets cooking all manner of things to eat which they offer for sale. For example in the early morning, a dingy-looking creature shuffles along from door to door with a long handled iron

### How the Horse Saves Thousands of Lives Is the Horse's Day Past?

In a great museum in New York is a long row of skeletons, showing how the horse has developed through millions of years. It begins with fossils that have been dug up in different parts of the world and ends with the skeleton of the horse as we know him today. Although the change is very gradual, there is a great difference between the first and the last in the row. At the beginning is the frame of a pig-like animal with five toes, which was found buried in America. It walked on the tips of its feet, just as children sometimes walk along on tiptoe. A man once said that the horse's hoof was something to be sorry for, because it meant that its five toes had been "glued together." However, a study of the line of skeletons will show that this is not what really happened. The remains of an animal were found in Europe, which was less like the five-toed pig and a little more like a horse. And it had lost the two outside toes on each foot, so that just the three middle ones remained. But as it walked on tiptoe it used the middle toe the most, and the outside two of the three kept getting shorter and shorter, until at last they disappeared, too. The horny nail, as we would call it if it were on our foot, enlarged into a hoof. So, you see, the horse lost four toes on each foot, instead of having the five fastened together to make one.

If we walked on all fours on the nails of our middle fingers and toes we would walk exactly as the horse does. Examine a horse's leg, and you will see how very like it is to our arms and legs. A horse's knee, corresponds to our wrist; the horse's "common-bone," just below the knee, corresponds to the middle bone in the palm of our hand; the next three bones correspond to the three bones of our middle finger, and the hoof is just the nail at the end of a horse's middle finger. If we look at the skeleton very closely we see two little "splint-bones," which are all that is left of the second and fourth toes. By looking very carefully we can find bony traces of the first and fifth toes, which were the first to go.

The horse is, of course, taller, more graceful and more speedy than its five-toed ancestor, and it is, too, a much finer animal than its relations, such as the tapir and the rhinoceros, which also descended from the same strange creature. It is not only more beautiful than the rhinoceros, for example, but it is more intelligent, and has more power to love and to serve those for whom it works.

Men have not always given their horses all the care and consideration they deserve. Down through the ages they have thought of them mostly as beasts of burden—machines for carrying and pulling. However, it is owing to this that we have such a well-developed animal now. The wild horses that were the first to which we would give the name, were like small, shaggy, brown ponies. Men would keep the strongest and swiftest because they were the most useful, and their colts would be very much like them, and so the animals kept on improving.

But now the horse has had much of his work taken away from him. The beginning of the change was really about one hundred and sixty-five years ago, when James Watt watched the steam lifting the lid of the tea-kettle, and thought that steam might be used to lift things that were much heavier. Now engines, by the power of steam or electricity, do the work of many horses, but we still measure the amount of work done by the strength of a horse, so we say that an engine is as strong as twenty horses, or that it is a horse-power engine. Carrying and pulling is now done by railway trains, street cars, automobiles, motor truck, etc., so that in some cities a horse is becoming an uncommon sight and even in the country its uses are being limited. Steam ploughs are no novelty, and they turn many furrows while the horse-drawn plough turns only one. And the steam engine long ago took the place of the power supplied by horses as they worked a tread-mill for a threshing machine.

However, the horse has made itself very valuable to man in a new way, although the old necessity is getting less. Thirty years ago the microbe was discovered which causes diphtheria. It is in fighting this terrible disease that the horse helps.

A few years after the diphtheria microbe was discovered a young Japanese scientist named Kitasato found out that some of the blood of an animal that had had diphtheria and got better would cure another animal that had the same trouble; that is, something is formed in the blood to fight the deadly microbes, and it stays there after the disease is conquered and will fight the microbes again in another animal. In the same way, when we have, say, scarlet fever, something is formed in our blood that keeps us from getting it again.

Well, Kitasato thought that if this could be done with animals, surely he could use his discovery to help human beings, and at last antitoxin was made and used. Microbes of diphtheria can be got from the throat of a person that has the disease. These are grown in something such as beefsteak. Then the stuff they are grown in is filtered so that the microbes are taken out, but a fluid is left full of their toxin, which is a name coming from the Greek word for poison. A few drops of this fluid are injected with a hollow needle under the skin of a horse, and then a very wonderful thing happens.

The horse does not get sick, because the microbes have not been left in the fluid, though a large dose of the poison would kill him. He eats and runs around, feeling as well as ever, but his body is busy making something in his blood that checks the poison. This new thing is an antitoxin to the toxin, so we call it antitoxin. If we take a few drops of the blood of such a horse and mix it with enough toxin to kill a man, the latter will be rendered quite harmless. So, if a child is sick with diphtheria and some of the antitoxin is injected into its blood, it makes the poison so that it has no effect at all. This always happens if the antitoxin is given in time, that is, before the poisoning has really been done. Cases treated on the first day are always successful.

Even since 1895, when antitoxin was first used, scientist have been trying to find out what it is made of, but so far they have not been able to produce it in their laboratories. So horses are still used to make the fluid that has saved so many thousands of lives, mostly of children, for they are more apt to have diphtheria than grown people. It is perhaps a more wonderful work for humanity than that done by the saddle-horse, the work-horse or the war-horse, who have been such friends to man during ages past.

pastry half full of charcoal, on which rests a copper pot of coffee that he sells for about a cent a cup.

And this brings us the street smells, that strange mixture of odors, that is mercifully diluted by the sea breeze. Part of the medley comes from miles of drying clothes flapping in the air. There is the insinuating odor of burning incense and wax from the churches, the smell of leather being dyed, of raw hides tanned outside, of unwashed people, and pungent, acrid whiff of food—garlic, onions, tomatoes, macaroni, and potatoes frying in grease.

The noises of Naples come out to greet you even as you approach the quay in a steamer. Pedlars offer their wares for sale in shrill, excited tones, frantically gesticulating when language does not appear adequate to the situation, while beggars swarm everywhere about. A slim, brown youth stands in a boat ready to dive for pennies, which the passengers throw to him. Though he comes up with his mouth full of coins, he is still able to shout a plea for more patronage. Near the edge of the wharf stand two men, one tinkling a mandolin, the other playing a guitar, while a young girl, whose gorgeous apparel consists of a green skirt, yellow waist and blue shawl, sings very sweetly, in between verses inverting a purple umbrella to catch the money thrown to her from the vessel. Street musicians are exceedingly numerous, though the hand organ, with which we in Canada associate the Italian, is conspicuously absent. A familiar couple is an old man with an accordion and a wrinkled white-haired, toothless old woman in spectacles, who surprises the listener by singing most charmingly the "Flower Song," or some other beautiful selection. Most of the natives can tell you the story of this woman, who was once a well-known prima donna, and who by some misfortune was reduced to beggary.

The ragged little beggar boys who beseege one on the street coax for money for macaroni. Sometimes for the education of the sightless, they will devour the long strings before him in the most miraculous way.

The old saying, "Seeing Naples, and die," has been changed to "See Naples, and ride," as it costs very little to engage a carriage. The Neapolitan cab is a tiny affair, intended for two passengers, and is usually drawn by a diminutive steed that is often better than he looks. The drivers crack their whips and shout at their horses, sending them along at considerable speed.

In the narrow and crowded streets, of course, they must necessarily go slowly. For a journey to almost any part of the city the legal fare for one or two persons is fourteen cents, or thirty cents by the hour. Like most others of the same fraternity, these cabbies must be carefully watched or they will cheat the tourist unmercifully.

The street cars are also very cheap, and what may seem almost incredible to a Canadian, are never crowded and scarcely ever full. This is probably explained by the fact that many of the people are too poor to ride, although it costs only a penny, and thousands live in crowded localities and have no occasion to go far away. Naples has twice as many people as Toronto, but they are packed into about one-fourth of the space.

In plain sight of the city stands the smoking cone of Vesuvius, which has been a menace to the surrounding country for countless years. The soil around it is so very fertile that the peasants run the risk of staying on it, as it is so easy to make a living. One may ascend the mountain and gaze down into the crater that has belched forth death to thousands of people. The famous ruins of Pompeii, which were completely buried during a violent eruption in A. D. 79, are not far away. Mother Earth in her upheavals has proven very unkind to Italy. This fact has been brought home to us forcibly very recently, when an earthquake occurred there which in its destructiveness overtrival Vesuvius in violent eruption.

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